

THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST.

For each of us some task is planned—
Some thing there is that you
May do more perfectly than I
And far more deftly, too;
One doctor treats the ears or eyes,
And one the dreaded knife applies—
Each has his work to do.

There's one man who has never put
Along the winding trail;
The scholar might attempt to take
The driver's place and fall;
One paints, thus cheating wind and sun,
One lays the plaster on and one
Drives home the slender nail.

I know one who has never put
The world much in his debt;
No art, no science e'er has been
Adopted by him as yet;
One doctor treats the ears or eyes,
And one the dreaded knife applies—
Each has his work to do.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Raymer smiled. "The mere fact of her having said such a thing to you ought to be a sufficient answer, I should think."

"I don't see why," Raymer objected.

"What would you think if Gertrude did such a thing?"

"Oh, well, that is different. In the first place Gerty wouldn't do it; and—"

"Precisely. And Miss Grierson shouldn't have done it. But if you really want to know why we haven't cultivated her I can tell you. There are a few of us who think she wouldn't be a pleasant person to know socially."

"But why?" insisted the obtuse one. It was his sister who undertook to make it plain to him.

"It isn't anything she does, or doesn't do, particularly; it is the atmosphere in which she moves. If it wasn't for her father's money she would be—well, it is rather hard to say just what she would be. But she always makes one think of the bonanza people—the pick and shovel one day and a million the next. I believe she is a frank little savage at heart."

"I don't," said Raymer, doggedly. "She may be a bit new and fresh for Wahaska, but she is clever and bright, and honest enough to ignore a social code which makes a virtue of hypocrisy. There isn't one young woman in a thousand who would have had the courage to do it."

"Or the impudence," added Mrs. Raymer, when her son had left the room. "I do hope Edward isn't going to let that girl come between him and Charlotte."

Gertrude laughed. "I should say there was room for a regiment to march between them as it is. Charlotte has been home a week now, and he hasn't been over yet."

"But he is going over to dinner with us to-morrow," amended Mrs. Raymer, complacently. "He promised me yesterday."

Gertrude was arranging the centerpiece for the dinner table, and when she spoke again it was of another matter.

"Did you know Mrs. Holcomb has found a boarder at last?"

"No; who is he?"

"A young man who has been sick at the St. James for two or three weeks. He is from New York, I believe she said; but she didn't have time to find out much about him. He had a relapse last night; and today, when she sent for Dr. Farnham, he was delirious."

"Dear me! That will be hard for Martha. What is his name?"

"Kenneth Griswold. She says he is an author, but I don't recall the name in any of our readings."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Raymer. "Poor Martha! We must go over and see if there is anything we can do."

CHAPTER XV.

When Margery entered her father's private office after her small triumph at Raymer's expense, her plan of campaign had taken a more definite shape. The president was busy at his desk, but he turned to say: "Want to see me, Margie?" And when she nodded, he reached for his check-book.

"No, it isn't money this time. Has Mr. Raymer an account with you?"

"Yes."

"Is it an accommodation to you?"

Grierson's laugh was of contempt.

"Hardly. The shoe's on the other foot."

"You mean that he has borrowed from you?"

"Not yet, but he wants to."

"What for?"

"To enlarge his plant. He's like all the other fools; ain't content to grow with his capital."

"Are you going to stake him?"

Margery waged relentless war with her inclination to lapse into the speech of the mining camps, but she still stumbled now and then.

"I guess not; I've never had much use for him."

"Why haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't know; it's a stand-off. He hasn't much use for me. I offered to incorporate his outfit for him six months ago, and told him I'd take 51 per cent. of the stock myself; but he wouldn't talk about it."

Margery's laugh might have meant anything from applause to derision.

"How singular! But now he is willing to let you help him?"

"Not that way. He wants to borrow money of the bank and give a mortgage on the plant. It's safe enough, but I don't believe I'll do it."

"But I want you to do it."

"The dickens you do! Say, little girl, do you know you're carrying things with a pretty high hand?"

"I haven't made you lose any money yet, have I?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, I'm not going to begin now. Lend him what he wants; you say the security is good."

"I'll be hanged if I can see what you're driving at."

"You don't have to see," she said, imperturbably. "But I don't mind telling you. His mother and sister have gone out of their way to put me down."

Grierson's laugh was a guffaw.

"That won't work a little bit, Margie."

"Why won't it?"

"Because he ain't the man to go to his women when he gets into trouble. They'll go on bluffing you just the same."

She looked at him through narrowing eyelids. "You know a good deal, poppa mine, but you don't know everything. Mr. Raymer's interest in the iron works is only one-fourth. The other three-fourths belong to Mrs. Raymer and Gertrude."

The magnate nodded intelligence, and made a memorandum. "I save; I'll break the syndicate for you."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You'll let Mr. Raymer get into deep water, and then, when I say the word, you'll pull him out."

"The mischief I will! Do you know how much he wants to borrow?"

"No, and I don't care. The more the better."

Jasper Grierson thought about it for a moment. Then he made a check-mark against the memorandum on the calendar pad.

"All right; go ahead, but you'll have to keep tab yourself, and say when. I can't be bothered keeping the run of your society tea parties."

"I don't want you to. Don't be late to dinner to-night. The Rodneys are coming."

When she was gone Jasper Grierson tilted back in the pivot-chair and lighted a cigar. After a bit his reflections found voice.

"By jing! I believe she thought she was fooling me! But it's too thin. I suppose she does want to make the women kowtow, but that isn't all there is to it, by a jugful. All the same, I'll back her to win."

Accordingly, when Mr. Edward Raymer came out of the banker's office the next morning he was reading upon air, and in his mind's eye there was a picture of a great industry to be built upon the extension of credit promised by Jasper Grierson.

CHAPTER XVI.

Griswold had landed in Wahaska on the day following his flight from St. Louis, too ill to care much about anything. But he was sane enough to find a bank, to rent a safe deposit box and to lock the treasure into it before he resigned himself to

the inevitable, allowing himself to be put to bed in his room at the St. James, with hot water bottles at his feet and a bag of chopped ice on his head.

For a fortnight he hung tremulous on the verge of collapse, and was kept from tumbling in only by a just horror of being seriously ill in a hotel. At the end of the fortnight he made shift to go out and find a boarding place; and the effort, coupled with the conviction that he might safely trust himself in the hands of motherly Mrs. Holcomb, pushed him over the verge.

Here Dr. Farnham found him tossing in delirium, and his verdict was promptly pronounced.

"Typhoid-malaria, Mrs. Holcomb; and you going to do with him? What are you going to do with him?"

"What should I do but take care of him?" said the motherly one.

"You can't do it alone; it's no woman's job."

"Then we must get a man. There's Sven Olson; he's out of work."

The doctor smiled. "Nobody but you would ever think of making a nurse out of that great, overgrown child. But maybe he'll do. I'll hunt him up and send him over. Where did you say this young man hails from?"

"New York, he says."

"Humph! That's odd. I should say he has been soaking himself full of malaria in the Yazoo swamps. But how about the expenses? Has he any money?"

"Plenty, I think. He paid a month in advance, and when he went to bed he told me where to find his pocket-book."

"Poor fellow! I guess he was glad enough to find somebody he could trust. Well, we'll do what we can for him, and I'll send Sven."

So it came about that the mild-eyed Swede was installed as Griswold's nurse. Luckily Olson understood but little English, and the sick man's ravings about the bank robbery

meant nothing to him; but Dr. Farnham heard them and wondered. Curiously enough a small thing satisfied the wonder, and that was the mention made by Mrs. Holcomb of his patient's calling.

"H—m; an author, is he? That accounts for his harping so continually upon that bank robbery story. It's a part of his plot."

It was the first of May when Griswold took possession of Mrs. Holcomb's spare bedroom; and it was a full month later when Dr. Farnham pronounced him out of danger and in a fair way to recover if he took care of himself.

During the weeks of convalescence he met many of Mrs. Holcomb's friends and neighbors, and among them the Raymers. The mother and daughter came with dainties for the widow's invalid; and later so they brought Edward, who was bookish enough in his leisure moments to be interested in one who was even a potential writer of books.

That acquaintance ripened into friendship, and Griswold's first outing was a ride in Raymer's buggy to the iron works.

Here the two young men met upon new common ground. Raymer was, or he meant to be, a model employer; and when he found that the convalescent was an enthusiastic student of the vexed problem of master and man, he unbosomed himself freely.

"I've been enlarging, as you see," he explained. "But when I get on my feet and out of debt I'm going to try a plan my father had in mind—profit-sharing with the men."

"Good," said Griswold. "I wish I might be in it with you. I'd like to flail that out with you when I'm fit."

"So you shall, but not yet." They were on the way back to Mrs. Holcomb's, and Raymer asked if the drive had tired him.

"No indeed; I feel better for it."

"Are you equal to an evening out?"

"I guess so, if it's sufficiently mild."

"It'll be mild enough. You know we have a magnate here, Mr. Jasper Grierson?"

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, he has a daughter, and this is her evening. I'm commanded to produce you as soon as you're able."

"I'll go, though I shan't know anyone but your mother and Miss Gertrude."

Raymer laughed, and then blushed. "They won't be there. That is—oh pshaw! I suppose I may as well tell you first as last. There are two social circles here, a big one and a little one. Miss Grierson is la dame d'honneur of the first, and my mother and Gertrude affiliate with the other."

"I see," said Griswold. "And you hold an even balance between the two?"

"No—not exactly. But I'm under obligations to Grierson, and can't afford to be offish. But Miss Margery is a very clever little person, and well worth knowing on her own account. I'll call by for you with the buggy at nine."

"Thank you," said the convalescent; adding, as if it were an afterthought: "Will Miss Farnham be there?"

"Hardly," rejoined Raymer, gathering up the reins. "She is with the minority, too. Queer little world, isn't it? So long, till this evening. Better go in and lie down awhile."

CHAPTER XVII.

On the way to Miss Grierson's "evening" Griswold amused himself by speculating upon the probable barbarism of a country reception. Without suspecting it, he was insular to a degree little short of Britannic; but he meant to be very good-natured and charitable, and to do what one man might toward ameliorating the barbarisms.

Wherefore he was properly humiliated when they were met at the door of the Grierson mansion by trained servants and announced in the drawing-room with such pomp and circumstance as was neither contrived nor barbaric. In good truth the revel was so great that it was he and not Miss Grierson who was embarrassed when Raymer introduced him.

"How good of you to come to us on your first day out, Mr. Griswold. Let me make you comfortable." She piled the cushions in a corner of the wide divan and made him sit down.

"You are just to be an invalid this evening, you know. I'm not going to let anyone bore you."

Griswold gasped once or twice, and grappled manfully with the facts. A young girl was at the piano; there was a pleasant hum of conversation; everybody, himself excepted, seemed quite at ease; the lights were not glaring; the furnishings were not in bad taste; in a word, the keynote was altogether well-mannered and urban and conventional.

And his hostess, Griswold had met beautiful women, but none to compare with her. She shone upon him and dazzled him. The charm was purely sensuous, and he knew it, but he basked in it like a lizard in the sun. But he was forgetting to thank her.

"Forgive me, Miss Grierson; I'm not usually tongue-tied. But it is all so charmingly homelike; so vastly—"

She supplied the word with a silvery little laugh.

"Different. I know. You thought we were barbarians, and so we used to be. But we're improving. I wish you could have known the old Wahaska."

"I can imagine it," he said.

"I wonder if you can. They used to sit around the edges of the room and behave themselves just as hard as they could, and bore each other to death."

"Up-to-date Reform."

Crawford—I hear your minister is taking an interest in public affairs. What is his particular hobby?"

Crabshaw—He is trying to invent a system of wireless politics.—N. Y. Sun.

Epitaph of a Good Indian.

On a quaintly contrived tombstone in St. Augustine, Fla., is the following unique epitaph, carved many years ago:

Notis
This Werry Elaborate
Pile
Is Erected in Memory of
A Seminole Indian Chief whose wig-wam stood on this spot and surroundings. Wee cherish his memory as he was a good hearted chief. He would knot take your scalp without you begged him to do so or paid him sum munny. He always acted more like a Christian gentleman than a savage Indian.

Let Him
R.I.P.
—Chicago Chronicle.

How They Felt.

"How do you feel?" asked the physician of the parson.

"I feel for-giving," replied the good man.

"And you?" he asked the auctioneer.

"As usual; for-bidding," answered the red-flag follower.

"And you?" queried the M. D. of the Kentucky colonel.

"Oh, you know me, doc," replied the Kentuckian. "I'm always for-get-full."—Chicago Daily News.

"It's a miracle," he said, giving her full credit. "I'd like to know how you did it."

She laughed lightly and did not deny her handiwork. "It was simple enough. When we came here I found a lot of good people who had fallen into a way of boring one another, and a few who hadn't; but these last held aloof. We opened our house to the many and tried to show them that a church sociable wasn't exactly the acme of social enjoyment."

Griswold saw in his mind's eye a sharply etched picture of the rise of a village magnate. Verily, Miss Grierson had imagination.

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he said. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I must confess that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and only an ascetic of necessity."

"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy and hardened to endure."

"I'm not an author," he corrected, with vanity struggling to muzzle the protest. "I have written but one book, and that has not yet seen the light."

"But it will," she asserted, confidently. "Tell me about it."

Now, Griswold was no babbler, but the charm of her personality was upon him, and before he knew what he was about he was telling her of the dead book, its purpose and its failure.

"But you are not going to give it up," she said, when he had made an end.

"No; it's my message, and I shall yet deliver it."

"Bravo! That is the spirit that wins always. And when you get blue and discouraged, you must come here and let me cheer you. Cheering people is my mission, if I have any."

(To Be Continued.)

HAD PUT IT TO PROOF.

Samuel Had Traveled Enough to Become Convinced of the Flatness of the Earth.

Most of the men who went west in 1849 were from the north. There were, however, a few southerners, among them a Baltimore family who took along an old slave, Samuel Jefferson. Samuel was a patient traveler on the long journey across the plains, but very skeptical about the success of his master's expedition. It was not until his master became one of the gold kings of California that Samuel stopped shaking his head in silent protest, relates Youth's Companion.

Samuel lived to a good old age, and after the war was the special attendant of his master's children. One day Hugh, the youngest son, was explaining to Samuel the spherical shape of the earth.

"If you should go straight ahead far enough, you'd come right around to where you started from."

"Now look here, child, you cyan mek me b'lieve dat. I ain' helped yo' daddy tote his things all de way out heah f'm Baltimo' f'r nuffin. If what yo' tells me was true, we'd a' come back to Ma'yan' about fo' times. I knows f'm 'sperience, honey, drivin' 'cross dem plains, dat de worl' am flat out—flatter'n a hoeecake, clean till yo' bump inter de ocean."

Didn't Recognize Bible Quotation.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of Prof. Kittridge, it would seem that Harvard undergraduates still remain ignorant of the Scriptures. Some one once said: "A Harvard man knows all literature but the Bible"—a startlingly sweeping generality, but not without truth so far as the Bible is concerned. A case in point came to light the other day. Two Harvard men were reading together some famous modern orations, one of them a eulogy. The eulogy closed with the words: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"What a beautiful close!" exclaimed one of the students, enthusiastically.

"The man who wrote such a sentence as that proves that the grand style in prose did not die with the eighteenth century."

It should be added in fairness that the other student was a churchman, and said nothing.—N. Y. Tribune.

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